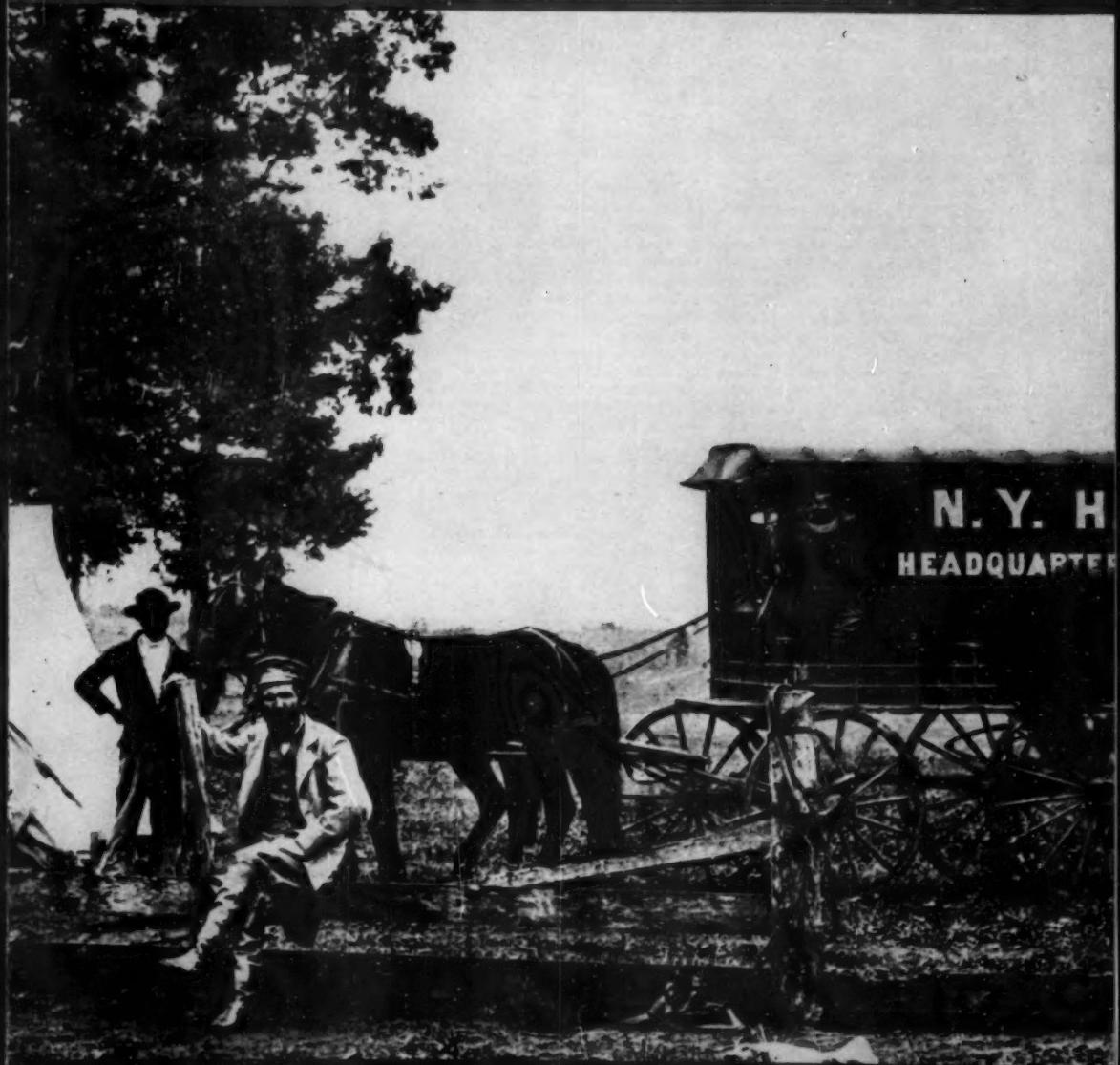


THE

QUIET

A MAGAZINE FOR JOURNALISTS



August, 1951

BEFORE THE JEEP A WAR CORRESPONDENT USED A WAGON

This photo recently released from the Army archives shows a New York Herald reporter during a lull in Civil War fighting. See page 2.

25 Cents

Bylines in This Issue

LEE HILLS, author of "Creative Newspapering Demands Imagination to Ask Extra Question" (Page 5), is managing editor of the Pulitzer prize-winning Miami *Herald*, a post he has held since 1942. He has been a newspaperman more than twenty-five years and before joining the Knight Newspapers he was an executive of Scripps-Howard newspapers in Oklahoma City and Cleveland.

He is a past president of the Associated Press Managing Editors Association and currently is head of the creative newspapering group of the association's continuing studies committees. He is a vice president of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity. Among his journalistic honors has been the Maria Moors Cabot gold medal awarded by Columbia University for the advancement of Pan-American relations.

The University of Missouri citation, which accompanied the honor award for distinguished service to journalism which he received during Journalism Week, lists his qualifications for writing on creative newspapering this way:

"To Lee Hills in recognition of his record of successful newspaper work on outstanding American newspapers; his leadership in finding new editorial techniques and setting new patterns for the improvement of today's journalism; his work in connection with the activities of the Miami *Herald* in the field of Pan-American journalism; and his interest in education for journalism, and his loyalty to his Alma Mater."

STAN SWINTON recently became the *Associated Press'* chief of bureau in Rome at the age of 32, but he has been a newspaperman since he was 15. At that age he sold his first bit of copy to the Detroit *Free Press*. Six years in the East, on assignment from Cairo to the Korean front, gave him the background for "Out Asia Way It's Not News Until It Can Be Told" (page 8).

He joined the *AP* at Detroit the day he was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1940 (legally he's on the payroll as Stanley Mitchell Swinton). Nine months later he joined the Army. In the next four and a half years his byline became familiar to thousands of G.I. readers of the *Stars and Stripes*, in North Africa, Italy and France. He was an eye-

witness to Mussolini's grim fate in Milan's Piazza Loretto.

Rejoining the *AP* after the war, Stan covered Indonesia and Siam, headed the Singapore and Cairo bureaus and traveled widely over Asia. Before his recent appointment to Italy, he reported the Korean War for seven months.

His hobby is the study of colonial government, of which he has seen a lot in various stages of decay. He is the author of a number of short stories, winning an Avery Hopwood award for his first published story while a student at Michigan.

THIS month's cover illustration is one of a series on "Combat Correspondence—Then and Now" distributed by the Department of Defense from Army files. The horse and wagon afforded the most satisfactory means of following the action between the Blue and the Gray. The bearded war correspondent of nearly 90 years ago was photographed resting in front of the wagon advertising his paper, now the New York Herald Tribune. The scene was a press camp near a Civil War front.

In recent decades, the tabloid newspaper and the news-picture magazine have experimented boldly with photography as a separate "language." Arville Schaleben, assistant managing editor of the Milwaukee Journal, doubts the picture is quite that good. But he does suggest, in "Tell the News with Both Words and Pictures" (page 6) that many smaller newspapers could make much better use of pictures.

His article is based on an address he made at the Northwest News Executives Conference at the University of Minnesota. The conference was sponsored by the school of journalism from which Arville was graduated in 1929. In the intervening years he has been reporter, city editor and assistant managing editor of the *Journal*.

His assignments have included covering the famed Matanuska colonists in Alaska in the mid-30s and a return visit as a correspondent with the Army in 1945. He was the last American newspaperman to interview Will Rogers before he and Wiley Post crashed near Point Barrow. Arville has free-lanced magazine stories and articles, several of which turned into major radio dramatizations.

MANY public relations men have been newspapermen. Richard H. Costa, author of "Observations from Schizophrenia" (page 7) is possibly unique in that during recent months he worked an eighty hour week as both.

By day he directed public relations for Utica College, a large branch of Syracuse University. By night he read copy, including some of his own releases, on the desk of the Utica *Daily Press*. And he learned a lot of reasons why educational publicists don't always understand newspapers—and vice versa. Since June 30, he has taken life easy. He is now merely working for the newspaper.

A native Philadelphian, Costa served four years in the Army, much of it with the 99th Infantry Division in Europe. He returned to college after the war and took his M.A. in journalism at Syracuse while working as a reporter for the *Syracuse Post-Standard*.

His hobby is the study of writers—Wells, Romains, Sinclair and Hersey, for example—who have brought journalism to art as novelists. His "H. G. Wells: Literary Journalist" appeared in a recent issue of the *Judaism Quarterly*. Another article on literary journalists will appear soon in the *Mark Twain Quarterly*.

THE last time Donald A. Freeman wrote an article for *THE QUILL* he attacked the legend that writing genius always comes up through the sports department, Ring Lardner and Damon Runyon to the contrary notwithstanding. That was in November, 1949, when Don was on the sports staff of the Chicago Tribune. In an accompanying biographical sketch, at that time, *THE QUILL* fondly labelled him as a "cheerful iconoclast."

Since then Don has moved to the San Diego Union. But the editors are pleased to learn that even California hasn't softened his critical faculties. This time he rises to argue with James Julian (*The Quill*, May 1951) about journalism schools. As a sports man he debunked sports writers. As a journalism school graduate (Medill of Northwestern University) he asks some sharp questions in "J-School Revisited" (page 11).

Before going west, Don had reported sports and read copy on three Chicago newspapers, the *Herald-American*, *Sun* and *Tribune*. Between rimes he edited an Army newspaper and has put his gift for a phrase into articles and short stories published by a number of magazines. In San Diego he is reading copy and writing a column on popular music called "Hot Notes."

THE QUILL

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The Vanishing Newspaper

NEWSPAPERMEN have grown reasonably hardened to the death of newspapers. Nevertheless the recent wiping out of the St. Louis *Star-Times* by sale of its circulation list and equipment to the *Post-Dispatch* was a rude shock. It was doubly so to us who know St. Louis and members of the *Star-Times* staff. The *Star-Times* was the third paper in St. Louis, but it had been a lively and apparently healthy competitor of the larger *Post-Dispatch* and *Globe-Democrat*.

Newspapermen concerned about the steady trend toward newspaper monopoly could always take comfort in St. Louis. It not only had the more common morning and afternoon competition but it had two afternoon papers. St. Louis still has real competition, compared with the mild rivalry of morning and afternoon papers owned by the same management. But something has gone with the *Star-Times*.

A lot of newspapers, large and small, have vanished in the last five years. Many were merged into hyphenated nameplates, with at least a partial retention of staff and tradition. Others, like the *Star-Times*, have simply been sold and junked for their assets. The reason, of course, has been economic.

Steadily rising cost of newspaper production, accentuated by skyrocketing paper prices, has alarmed even the strongest publishers. The newspaper has been in an especially vulnerable spot, compared with other businesses faced with mounting costs, because it must fight other news mediums for advertising and reader dollars. There is a limit on the costs it can pass along.

The result has been a steadily increasing pressure. I have heard men who ought to know seriously forecast a time when even the biggest cities will be barely competitive in newspapers. Even the second-fiddle publisher who is still in the black is likely to look ahead and then look around while his property is still saleable. It may not be the admirable course but it is human.

NO sensible man would attempt to argue the economics of newspaper publishing under these conditions. But I would be less than professional in my attitude toward journalism if I did not also ponder the implications of the shrinking newspaper field from the point of view of the public weal and from that of the profession (as distinguished from the business) of writing and editing newspapers.

A good defense can be made for the monopoly newspaper. It has been made by honest and thoughtful newspapermen who are willy nilly heirs to a monopoly situation. It can be argued that a monopoly publisher can in

some ways produce a better newspaper than one who is in sharp competition. He is theoretically, at least, more free to publish a more "serious" and informative newspaper than he would be if a rival newsroom was making circulation hay out of scandal and triviality.

It sounds plausible. Some excellent monopoly newspapers can be put in evidence. But I suspect that competition has had far more to do with making better newspapers than it ever had in cheapening them. I doubt if anything like Gresham's law of money applies to newspapers. I don't think bad newspapers drive out good ones. The good ones have a habit of surviving.

Actually, one risk from monopoly is being offset from another direction. The rival news mediums which threaten newspaper income and following also serve to make news monopoly, as opposed to mere newspaper monopoly, no longer possible. The public will read the news in a national magazine or hear or see it on the air and ask awkward questions. This has happened even on purely local news which a newspaper was too slothful or cowardly to print.

How complete a substitute radio and television can offer for newspaper rivalry can also be debated. The newscaster and the commentator can do certain things better than a newspaper can do them. But the radio never seriously pretended to offer the public the complete news picture afforded by a well-edited newspaper. I doubt if it ever will. So the death of newspapers continues to add up to a net loss in public information.

WHAT the shrinking newspaper field means to the profession of journalism is another and alarming matter. Jobs die with each newspaper. I suspect that the average monopoly newspaper gets along with no more staff than it had while in competition. In some cases, probably, even less staff. This is a painful fact facing all newspaper workers and students.

One answer appears obvious. Donald Freeman, discussing journalism schools in this issue of THE QUILL, touches on it. The schools cannot keep expanding indefinitely. They should instead, concentrate on training fewer and more carefully selected applicants. The many related fields of journalism have been taking a lot of the graduates. But these, too, must have their limits.

The problem is much more important than the economic one of wasted education. It is more important than the social one of turning out a lot of frustrated journalists. We know competition in America has resulted in better newspapers. If we are to have less and less competition and still have good newspapers, they must be made by even better newspapermen. They must be men capable of performing at a high level without the natural stimulus of competition. **CARL R. KESLER**

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What makes a newspaper great?



All day flags fluttered at half-mast over hundreds of American newspaper buildings and press association offices. At their desks busy newsmen paused to salute the passing of *La Prensa*, Argentina's famed independent newspaper that died rather than relinquish its right to print the news freely, completely and honestly.

To American newspaper readers, accustomed to buying the truth at a newsstand for five cents, the mourning flags gave new, immediate meaning to the cherished principle of Freedom of the Press. Under their own half-masted flag, newsmen and editors of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune found special significance in *La Prensa's* demise, for one of the

editors of these Upper Midwest newspapers is a leader in America's fight to preserve the fundamental freedom of uncensored access to news throughout the world.

The going is tough. In the hushed elegance of United Nations committee chambers, representatives of 15 countries labored for weeks over a UN treaty for freedom of information. The totalitarian group is interested in only one kind of freedom: freedom of governments to control what their people read and hear. Others favor watered-down government controls, or any compromise just to get a treaty.

Heading a consecrated group—a clear minority on the committee—which demands unrestricted freedom of information for all the press in all the world is a stocky, serious mid-westerner, Carroll Binder, editorial editor of the Minneapolis Tribune and United States representative on the UN committee. Binder is famed internationally as an expert in foreign affairs. His broad

experience as foreign correspondent in London, Moscow and Rome, his wide foreign travels, his acquaintance with world figures from Stalin to Churchill, his stubborn integrity and his insistence upon the rights of all men to learn the facts and decide for themselves have made him a respected adversary to his UN committee opponents.

Whether speaking for the United States in this UN fight for press freedom, or speaking to the people of the Upper Midwest in the Minneapolis Tribune editorial columns, Carroll Binder represents the kind of leadership and authority that have made and kept the Minneapolis Star and Tribune the best-read, best-liked, most-respected newspaper of the 225-county area which they serve.



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THE QUILL for August, 1951

Slick routine reporting won't meet today's challenge to the press. A managing editor tells why

Creative Newspapering Demands Imagination To Ask Extra Question

By LEE HILLS

THREE'S no prescription for turning out creative newspaper men and women. Those who have the responsibility for getting out the nation's newspapers can only preach the gospel of discontent to aspiring journalists.

Be "uncomplacent." Never be satisfied that you are doing the job as well as you could if you tried harder.

Creative newspapering is the opposite of routine newspapering. Routine newspapering might be described as the gathering of news, pictures and features from established sources and presenting them largely according to established practices.

Creative newspapering is all that and something more. First, and most important of all, is creative reporting. I mean the bringing of a productive imagination to the coverage of all fields of human activity and thought of vital interest to all readers. The digging under the surface to get at the truth.

Creative newspapering is a state of mind as much as anything else. It is alertness, awareness, a careful cultivation of that sixth sense that causes good newsmen to fling themselves at a story to get all the angles, the implications and end possibilities in it.

A SECOND aspect is the development of techniques and skills that can make good reporting come alive—vivid and meaningful—for the reader. Examples of these are the campaigns in recent years for readability, clear writing, better interpretive or explanatory writing, and the exciting studies of newspaper content. All of these are paying off in terms of better newspapers.

Third, comes the progress we need in mechanical processes to compete in a changing world. New and cheaper and better methods of composition, engraving, printing, color and picture reproduction. This phase of the cre-

ative revolution among newspapers was a long time getting started. But it is now under way, and it holds great promise.

Fourth, and most difficult, is a creative challenge for newspapers to explain themselves to the public.

After two decades of unprecedented criticism, the First Amendment has lost some of its meaning and importance to the American public. I believe the whole communications industry must find a way to reverse this trend toward apathy. We need the alert understanding of the people who, in the long run, will decide what government does for or against newspapers.

* * *

NEWSPAPERS are crowded with efficient mediocrity; people with the slick facility for surface reporting.

What I'd like to know is, how do you get that reporter who has been covering courts for twenty years to come up with a really creative idea? He knows the angles and nobody ever beats him on an obvious story. His rivals are no better, so he never looks really bad.

Yet he knows darn well that the system of awarding quick divorces and handing out fat-fee receiverships to lawyers is a scandal. Why hasn't he suggested a way to bring these things to light in an effective story?

Actually, the best examples of creative reporting which have led to the biggest scoops are not spectacular at

This article is based on an address given by the managing editor of the Miami Herald during Journalism Week at the University of Missouri. Lee Hills received one of the university's 1951 awards for distinguished service to journalism.



Lee Hills was recently cited by his Alma Mater for "his leadership in finding new editorial techniques."

all. In almost every case, they're the result of dogged persistence and the enterprise of a reporter with imagination enough to ask that extra question.

There was a good example of this not long ago in Great Britain. A young man came to the *Yorkshire Evening News* office, said his brother had been killed in Korea, and asked if they would "put a few lines in the paper."

The reporter took down the usual details. But he didn't stop there. He checked the library to see if this soldier was the first Leeds man to be killed in Korea. He was. Then, the reporter began to dig. From the young man who had come to the office, Derek Kinne, the reporter got this amazing story:

Derek had made a pact with his brother, Raymond. If anything happened to Raymond, Derek would take his place in the fighting line. After hearing of Raymond's death, and before coming to the *Yorkshire Evening News*, Derek had volunteered for service in Korea, honoring his pledge to his brother. This, despite the fact that he had a good job and only two months before had been demobilized from the Army himself.

That extra question had produced a moving account of one brother's devotion to another, and of his deep sense of honor—a story better read than all the columns that day from Korea.

A New York Times man had a
(Turn to page 12)

Cave men painted stories on their walls. Today we

have type and smaller newspapers often fail to

Tell News with Both Words and Pictures

By ARVILLE SCHALEBEN

MANY editors of smaller newspapers approach pictures with their minds in a state of conflict. It's pictures against space. That strikes me as the wrong attitude. They should think, "Here's our space. We have to do the best job possible with it."

And I suggest that doing the best job possible with space demands solid, dependable attention to whatever pictures are available. Too many of us, perhaps, think pictures are pictures. We distinguish between stories and news stories, but we do not distinguish between pictures and news pictures.

The traditional approach to the problem of getting news pictures into the paper breaks itself down into familiar schools of thought:

(a) The pros, typified by the saying, "A good picture is worth a thousand words" (or 10,000).

(b) The cons, who decided at some point that pictures take too much space and let it go at that.

The "pros" got a big boost some 25 years or so ago. A few tabloids jumped rapidly into heavy circulations. They did it with many pictures and few words. It seemed that pictures were circulation's best friend.

But it wasn't that easy. Year after year circulation takes sweat of mind as well as sweat of hand. Soon the "a good picture is worth a thousand words" crowd had to modify its view, just as the "pictures take too much space" crowd has had to modify its attitude.

TODAY the picture tabloids remain to quite a degree in name only. They have become news tabloids with a tendency to emphasize pictures, rather than picture tabloids which squeezed a little news into cutlines. Today, on our own paper, the number of pictures we run each week—about 600—probably exceeds that of picture tabloids. Occasionally we run promotion ads saying that Milwaukee Journal subscribers get more pictures every week than "picture" magazine subscribers.

Every day we dummy pictures into the paper first—one or more on

almost every page unless we are saving the spot for a text or other extended story. We think we know how much pictures are liked. Readership surveys confirm our belief.

They show a readership of maybe 60 per cent for the best read stories and 90 per cent for the best pictures; one, two and three per cent for the poorest stories. Thirty or 40 per cent for the poorest pictures. I cite those figures loosely, merely to illustrate a generalization.

But we don't let picture acceptance "kid" us. We are still a serious newspaper, not an entertainment medium. You can't cover a presidential text with a picture, nor a school budget argument with a photo-essay.

If we had to choose between type or halftones, we'd take the type every time. But we have a choice, and in exercising that choice we have to be careful that our natural and proper inclination toward type doesn't make it too easy to throw out pictures at makeup time.

This preference for type may assert itself more strongly in the smaller daily editor. He seems to be too willing to leave the wonderful picture field to his big city cousin. I think

ARVILLE SCHALEBEN, assistant managing editor of the Milwaukee Journal, discusses the claims of old rivals for space in a newspaper.



this is a mistake. I think newspapers everywhere should think of pictures as news—period.

The wise smaller daily isn't afraid to use local stories that a large city paper won't touch. Why not the same attitude toward pictures? Think pictures on a local basis just as you think of stories on that basis. We do, every day. We think about Milwaukee people seeing our pictures, not Chicago or Minneapolis people.

YOU might say it is harder for the smaller daily to get pictures than stories. I'd doubt it. We all have the same basic sources—staff, syndicates, contributors.

If I had a staff of six editorial men, I'd want one to be primarily a photographer. Contributed or requested pictures are easy to get. The public's urge to get its face in the paper is even stronger than its urge to get its name in the paper.

Then there are the syndicated pictures and mats. Faster production facilities will give the metropolitan press first use of many of the best shots. Usually there is a selection of several illustrations for the big news events, however, and you can have a "fresh" picture for your own paper. And as for myself, I would not hesitate to use an outstanding picture even if beaten a day with it by the big city press; I would not penalize my several thousand readers because several hundred of them also take the nearest big city paper.

Also, syndicates anticipate coming news. Perhaps they will "mat" the four leading candidates for a supreme court vacancy. If I'm alert, I can have the anointed when appointed. Cost need not be a serious factor. Type costs as much as casting mats.

The important thing is to file pictures with intelligence. When the state university sends out a football layout, you may or may not use the layout but either way it is a safe bet you can save several half column faces from it for future use. If your filer knows his file, your news columns will be lively with pictures.

It is not possible to know in all instances which pictures have the

(Turn to page 10)



By night Richard Costa (standing) reads copy on the Utica Daily Press. Others are Thomas McCabe, William Carpenter and slot man Homer Baker.



By day, as Utica College P. A., he writes releases he may later edit.

How can newsmen and publicists cooperate better? One who's been both offers some

Observations From Schizophrenia

By RICHARD H. COSTA

ARE you a newspaperman who spends a good portion of his time rewriting or discarding publicity releases? Or are you a public relations man who wonders how today's release so often becomes tomorrow's squib on the obituary page?

If you fall into either category, I have a suggestion for you. It will take the cooperation of both sides—editor and publicist. My idea is to let more publicity men have the kind of experience I have just had. I am confident of its value in promoting good will between two groups that can use a lot of it.

I know because I have straddled the fence. Until a few weeks ago, I literally lived a double journalistic life. From 9 to 5, I was the public relations director of Utica (N.Y.) College, a large branch of Syracuse University. At 5:30 each day, the taste of a hastily-eaten sandwich still fresh with me, I took a station on the rim of the *Daily Press*, Utica's morning newspaper. Here I edited copy until the first edition hit the news-stands at 1:30 a. m.

My double-life began as an experi-

ment. It proved an experience I should recommend to all college publicists who are embittered at the things that happen to their hand-outs.

Serving at both the sending and receiving ends of publicity releases has given me a new perspective. It has been the best possible tonic for my frustrations the next day when the feature I prepared didn't appear (a) at all, or (b) in the form I wrote it. Let's take a typical evening.

I ARRIVE in the city room at 5:30. If I have a release, I deposit it on the city editor's desk. Then I begin copy reading some of the early wire shorts that the slot man has left me. Soon I see the city editor and managing editor with their heads together.

They are trying to figure out how they're going to cover the international, national, state, and Utica scenes in the ridiculously small amount of space allotted them. By this time, I've practically forgotten my release. So has the city editor. He's put it on a "hold" pile. To a publicist, this is discouraging; to a newspaperman, understandable.

Let's face it. The percentage of col-

lege news and feature releases that can go into the paper at a particular time is not large, and the city editor is only protecting himself by making sure he doesn't rush my release into print at the expense of a spot news story later that night.

After hours of editing copy for the rural and county editions, my release finally comes back to me—at the copy desk. Already the city editor has had to slash it to fit the precious space he could give to it. I find that the one-column, two-line head assigned to it doesn't even give me room to write "Utica College."

The story goes to the slot man. My hope is that of all the heads I've written this one goes through. If the college publicity man can't write a good head for his own stuff, how can he expect the others to?

The release goes downstairs to the composing room and later returns with its last two paragraphs in brackets marked: "too long." This means my story fell victim to being the last placed in the column and just didn't

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Out Asia Way It's Not News Until It Can Be Told

By STAN SWINTON

There is high adventure and some low comedy in the beat between Cairo and Cambodia. But censorship and poor communications can really add spice to a correspondent's job in the Near, Middle and Far East.

JOURNALISM is a wise-eyed wench who sometimes seems a humdrum mistress. But between Tripoli and Tokyo adventure still sparkles from the lady's sequined gown.

There an American newspaperman's life is colorful and complex as Damascus brocade; the trail of a story as devious as *The Street Called Straight*. Irrational censorship, purposeful distortion, poor communications and xenophobia seek to smother the free, frank and fearless brand of American reporting.

For six years—until the stint of Korean war coverage that preceded my recent assignment to Rome—my job was to fight the news through from those far away places of the Middle East and Southeast Asia. For all the thin rank of American journalists it was nerve-wracking, uncomfortable and unhealthy—yet always exciting and challenging. Often you were left between tears and laughter.

Like the day King Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia summoned John Luter of *Time* and me to his fairyland palace in Phnom Penh. Our awed rickshaw boy fearfully padded through a splendid gate more accustomed to sleek autos than bare feet. A twenty-soldier guard of honor came to attention (scornfully eyeing the rickshaw with firm conviction there had been some horrible mistake). A cabinet minister was waiting when we pulled up at the palace. He was still waiting five minutes later—John and the rickshaw boy were arguing over the fare.

Finally we were inside with royalty. His Majesty spoke. Notebook poised, we waited. The translator leaned forward:

"His Majesty asks whether it is safe to order a saxophone from America mail-order?"

But sometimes a palace summons could mean headlines and history. Like the day Acting Governor General Hubertus J. Van Mook summoned the *Associated Press'* Leif

Erickson to the governor general's palace in Batavia (now Jakarta).

Grim-faced, Van Mook explained the situation. Dutch troops had been scheduled to begin offensive operations against the Indonesian Republic next day. Some already were at sea. Unexpectedly the United States had delivered a note offering assistance if the Republic and the Hague would come to terms.

The widest possible publicity was needed—fast. Otherwise some commanders might hear too late of the new development. By diplomatic protocol Washington should have released the note before the Dutch but there was no time.

If the note was leaked to the Dutch news agency it might be suspected as propaganda. Van Mook, instead, had decided to give it to Erickson. And, with that, he handed over a verbatim copy.

Erickson hustled from the palace, checked the authenticity of the note with United States sources and hammered out a bulletin which, for a tragically short while, prevented war.

ACROSS Java, in the rebel capital of Jogjakarta, I was waiting nervously for the Dutch to strike. The final plane had flown to Singapore two days before with what I expected to be my last stories. From then on the only link with the outside world would be a feeble, hand-sent Morse transmission. For reasons beyond my ken this could be received loud and clear in Northern Sweden—but almost nowhere else.

Then I, too, received a summons to a palace—the president's. There two cabinet ministers told me of the American note. The news had come from a broadcast of Erickson's story. Indonesia, unrecognized diplomatically, had no way to pass word to Washington that she, too, was eager to hold off hostilities. Would I write a story quoting President Soekarno's favorable reaction?

Before the afternoon ended I'd not

only written the story—I'd helped the president get into written English just what he wanted to say. An Indonesian operator tapped it out on the Morse bug. A Dutch monitor picked up the transmission in Batavia and the word sped back to America. The double-play was complete with two reporters playing the leading roles (and not a pair of striped pants between them).

More than once in the turbulent little countries beyond the far off hills the reputation of American newspapermen for integrity and neutrality has involved them in high history. It was in the lack-lustre Tonkinese capital of Hanoi back in 1946 that I first met Ho Chi Minh.

Scraggle-bearded Ho is a man of violence who leads Indochina's battle for independence. He had long been a communist and apparently again today he is following the party line. But I am truly convinced that in 1946, when I came to know him well, Ho was a full-fledged Tito who would have abandoned his links with Moscow in return for American aid in winning autonomy or, better, independence.

Back in those days the locust Yunnanese occupation army of Lu Han controlled Tonkin. Ho's was the civil government tolerated by the Chinese. There were no American diplomats in Tonkin.

After a month I flew back to Saigon, where the news was hottest. A State Department representative queried me on Ho. I told him frankly what I had already written: that Ho was pleading for United States support. The diplomat slipped up to Hanoi. He returned convinced of Ho's sincerity. But Washington, afraid to offend powerful France, ignored his recommendation.

After that Ho gradually lost hope of Western support. Too weak to win alone, he turned back to the communists. Now the American taxpayer is digging down in his pocket for money to help France fight Ho. I won-

der sometimes whether Ho might be an ally and not an enemy if the Washington diplomats had read their newspapers (and their man's field dispatches) a little more intently five years ago.

CENSORSHIP is a constant test for a correspondent out east. A test of his temper and, except for military censorship legitimately imposed during war, a test of the reporter's ability to get the story out anyway.

Egypt has the prize crop of Men with Red Pencils. Jobs are hard to get there and the unfailing creed of the censors is that if you don't pass *any* stories, you won't let something by that costs you your job. Take the day Gorgeous Gussy Moran went to the ladies' room.

Gussy, playing her second match of the day, had been on the court for hours. Finally the championship was hers. Princess Faiza stood waiting to present the cup. Gussy walked toward her—and kept right on walking. The audience gasped. This was *lese majeste*.

The club committee prepared for an emergency meeting. Pat Todd accepted the cup on Gussy's behalf and Faiza humped off. The Egyptian reporters dashed for phones.

Nobody else seemed to think of waiting for Gertrude Augusta Moran, the final authority, and asking her what happened. I was an old acquaintance and, blushingly, she explained:

"I just had to go to the john. When I got back the Princess had left."

It made a good story—until it reached the censor's desk. He gave me a tongue-lashing for even putting to paper the facts. Egyptian princesses, he blustered, come before nature and let's have no nonsense about it.

Shaggy-haired Albion Ross of the *New York Times*, a brilliant recorder of the Middle Eastern scene, has a magic way with censorship. It was Albion who discovered the one great gap in the Camel Curtain: The Lebanon. The censor there couldn't read English. Admission, he felt, might retard his career. So he would make whispered inquiry in French as to what the story was about.

"Oh, nothing much. Just stuff about . . . you know, things."

"C'est bien ça," he would nod sagely. "Plop" went the stamp and in a few hours American newspaper readers had a news item that scowling censors in Damascus or Amman or Cairo had been intent on suppressing.

How do you beat censorship when it is purely political and the story is worth the risk? Take one Saigon night in 1946. French soldiers, with tacit official consent, rioted on the



Stan Swinton now heads the Associated Press Rome Bureau after six years of peace and wartime coverage of news in Asia, Africa and Indonesia.

Rue Catinat. The object of their wrath was a local socialist group—only half a dozen strong—who favored negotiated settlement with Ho Chi Minh. Since France's government was socialist, it was banner news in Paris: Army riots against ruling party.

Officially Indochina had no censorship. Actually intelligence agents scanned every word of outgoing copy and "lost" anything they didn't like.

I filed the bulletin to Paris, the swiftest cable route. At midnight my phone rang. A French voice whispered: "I am calling from Radio Saigon. They have destroyed your story without sending it."

A checkup disclosed the truth of the tip, which later I learned came from a socialist radio operator. Next day, though, the story appeared under screaming headlines in Paris. Furious cables began to burn official ears in Saigon.

Unless they read this, I imagine the French still are wondering where the leak was. What they didn't know was that I had taken an extra copy to the British Military Mission, showed them still valid accreditation as a SEAC war correspondent authorizing use of Army signals, and had them relay the story to Singapore for relay to London.

STORIES slipped out of Indochina in many ways. Doon Campbell of Reuters sent his famous dispatch on the "Bamboo Curtain" of censorship out with a friendly airline pilot. Feature stories frequently were taken out by friendly ship's officers. It was a ship's captain who smuggled out the

only big collection of photos ever taken inside revolutionary lines.

An Annamite smuggled them into Saigon to the French-educated wife of a revolutionary leader. The woman gave them to a sympathetic foreign diplomat. The diplomat gave them to me—and the captain took over from there. For the Indochinese involved it would have meant instant death to be captured with the photos. For the diplomat or captain a ruined career would have been the lowest price.

Luckily no one was caught. The pictures reached London and went on to New York. There wasn't much interest in the Indochina story then. Know how many of the eighty-odd pictures were given general circulation? One! I wonder if the casual reader paging through his newspaper ever realized what the single picture he saw involved?

Out where ladies wear veils and sheep's eyes are a delicacy, it's just as tough to transmit the news as to get it. Remember the border clash between the French Foreign Legion and Siamese police in the town of Tha-bo in 1946? To write that one involved flying from Bangkok to a provincial capital, circling until the water buffalo were chased off the landing field, driving half a day over a mud trail to the banks of the mighty Mekong River and then put-putting up the river to Tha-bo.

It took four days to get there and back. There was news waiting back in Bangkok—the radio station wasn't working. A pilot friend totted the story to Singapore for cabling. There's a happy ending, though. It still was the first eye-witness story out, even a week late.

SOMETIMES there just aren't communications. Joe Robinson, now with the American State Department, once found himself in Haiphong, Indochina, with a hot story and no telegraph station operating within 200 miles.

He went to a Buddhist temple and read the story aloud to Buddha with a request he pass it along to me in Saigon for relay. Ten days later Joe breathlessly arrived in Saigon and rushed over to inquire whether the Buddha circuit had worked. He seemed a little disappointed.

The sure sign of a veteran newsman in the foreign field is concern over how he'll get his story back to America. It's not news in your hip pocket. The veteran will duplicate a really hot bulletin three or four ways—and win many a beat that way.

Alex MacDonald's world scoop on the mysterious death of King Ananda Mahidol in Bangkok came because

cagey Mac duplicated his story to London, Singapore and Manila. The Singapore bulletin went through. There were radio blackouts between Siamese capital and both London and Manila—and opposition stories were addressed only there.

Who are the men who hang their hat today in the Hotel des Indes, tomorrow at Raffles and Saturday at Shepheards? Mostly the same familiar faces. Strangely few new men seem to enter the field and stick. There's Percy Wood of the Chicago Tribune, Robert Trumbull of the New York Times, Dick Applegate of the United Press, free-lance Andrew Roth and . . . the names go on. Not all of the names. Some of the great ones died in Korea.

Yes, most of the faces are familiar. Take the day I arrived in Tokyo en-

route to Korea. I walked into the Press Club, and saw, having a drink, UP's Bob Vermillion and government worker Hazel Shore.

Six years ago I had walked out of the Stampa Esteria in Rome, leaving behind me Bob Vermillion and Hazel Shore, who were having a drink.

Sometimes, when you wake up in a strange hotel room and wonder for a frightening lost instant what country this is, you have a feeling you have gone through all the experiences and stories before.

You feel like that very wonderful fellow named Bob Eunson did when he sent a bulletin one day from Tokyo that South Korean troops were three miles from Berlin.

Minutes later he rifled a correction after the bulletin. It read: "Make Berlin read Haanhung. Sorry. Wrong War."

to watch the faces of the poor and the gestures of the proud; to see strange things—machines, armies, multitudes, shadows in the jungle and on the moon; to see man's work—his paintings, towers and discoveries; to see things thousands of miles away, things behind hidden walls and within rooms; the women that men love and many children; to see and to take pleasure in seeing; to see and be amazed; to see and be instructed."

Perhaps we should not be that lofty about it, but it is important that newspaper editors at least think about pictures in that frame of mind. Life has added words to its pictures. Almost without exception, every newspaper could profit, I think, by adding more pictures to its words.

The news photographer has 110 years of professional tradition behind him compared with the 5,000 years of the writer. And he craves companionship and counsel with the reporter and the editor. He is entitled to it. His camera states facts, just as typewriters do. He's our boy, and I think we all should embrace him.

STANLEY KALISH, who was picture editor on the Milwaukee Journal from 1937 to this year (his predecessor was Eddie Thompson, now the managing editor of Life) used to make many speeches in behalf of pictures around our office. Finally he did a pretty good job of summation in these words:

"In the newspaper household, the marriage to words is solid. Newspapers physically are laid out for type, not pictures. In the minds of most people who control papers and their policies, the obeisance at the altar of words is perpetual. Yet the man on the street probably cannot recall a single news story he read as long ago as last week. But ask him if he remembers the flag raising on Suribachi, or the Hindenburg disaster, or the midget on J. P. Morgan's lap. Ask him about the sinking of the *Vestris*, or even the atom bomb.

"Yes, pictures deserve better treatment than they get in newspapers. If a picture needs four columns of space to tell its story, it should not get three. The words in the paper may do most of the talking, but the pictures get most of the attention.

"So the people who handle newspaper policy should see that the pictures share editorial space with words. The editors-in-chief should make their picture staffs as strong as their word staffs.

"This is the visual age!"

I do not agree completely with that plea but I do think a lot of us have been slow in getting its point.

Tell the News With Both Words and Pictures

(Continued from page 6)

most appeal. That need not be discouraging. Some pictures, or the news stories involving them, are so striking they cry to be used. Others have assured interest, like some stories—everybody is delighted by child and animal pictures.

The main point to remember is that you don't have to be a picture editor to edit pictures. Just being a newspaper man and a human being (you can reserve that order without danger) is enough.

And you don't have to be a makeup genius to get pictures into the news columns. There are all kinds of rules—don't put a picture in an outside column; don't put a picture against an ad. Well, we can forget the rules. They are good to know. But knowing them is less important than printing pictures.

Now a word about cutlines, sometimes called the index finger aimed at the picture. There are two kinds: the ones which with the picture make a complete story; the ones supplemental to the accompanying story.

You'll find times when you can throw out a half-column long story by not being afraid to put a few additional news facts into cutlines, to round out the coverage. You'll find times when you can virtually eliminate cutlines entirely, simply by a few makeup tricks which make story and picture one piece of news.

Except on larger papers, the man

who handles the picture probably should write the cutline. The editor or reporter who handles the story should read it. This dual deal makes for intelligent cutlines. This avoids the cutline which says the picture shows a Main Street cavein, when really it is a picture of feminine and masculine bottoms curiously assembled at the edge of a round dark object. Of course, the former may make the more interesting picture and that's fine, so long as the cutlines have sufficient attachment thereto.

And so goes the picture game. Despite handicaps, man has been using pictures to tell stories for 25,000 years and now he is at the point where the real picture experts, such as John R. Whiting, can justifiably entitle his book, "Photography Is a Language."

I don't think it is quite that good, but *Life*, Whiting and men like him, and some newspapers have taught the public that it is very, very good.

Life started out to be practically all pictures. It was forced to add a good chunk of text when advertisers found *Life* readers going through the magazine in 15 or 20 minutes. But *Life* has forced newspapers to think about better picture usage and is easily the pace setter. During its fantastic success, *Life* has pretty much clung to its original prospectus for "Show Book," which was almost its name. That prospectus said:

"The Purpose—To see life, to see the world, to eyewitness great events;

J-School Revisited

By DONALD A. FREEMAN

It is easy to blame mediocre raw material for educational failure, says a working journalism graduate. But how about training far fewer and better j-graduates to fit the facts of life?

IT is, of course, not uncommon for a writer to offer truth in one paragraph and in the next tumble to the ridiculous. I say it is not uncommon, but to me it always is a curious departure, like a man wearing a derby at the beach.

For this and other reasons I must reject parts of James Julian's thesis ("The J-School Graduate Is Doing All Right," *THE QUILL*, May 1951) like I would the logic of a politician who kisses babies, gets elected, then shuts off the water at the orphanage.

Julian wrote about the problems facing journalism schools, about the tradition of not snooping on instructors in the interest of academic freedom. This is true, but hardly a defense of the ills of journalism or any other schools.

He also dwells on the limited talent of the raw material entering journalism schools. "Employers who find a graduate deficient might well visualize what instructors discovered when he arrived on campus as a freshman," writes Julian. "His journalistic naivete that disappoints the boss is the same thing that's grieved instructors for four years."

I see this as nothing but cruelty and sham. It is like conning a singer all through music school that he is a second Pinza. The truth may bring pain, but I have assumed we were in a business that puts a high stake on truth.

And what a rare reflection on journalism schools when its sad sack element of graduates pulls up lame in the brains department after landing a job. How long will journalism schools stay in operation if, for whatever reason, they turn out dough-heads?

Editors soon will ask for waivers on any newsman who knocks on his door bearing j-school credentials. Strange fellows, editors—very similar to ordinary people. They don't like being burned more than once.

It is undeniable that more and better newsmen are needed to interpret the world in its fantastic somersaults. This would seem the cue for the

schools to train more aspirants. Except for two items.

First, Julian implies that a number of prospective failures are pushed into journalism because nobody in college would tell them of their inadequacy. And second, despite the need for newspapermen of ability, the economics of the situation is a mite disturbing. There simply aren't enough jobs.

It seems to me, then, that journalism schools should cut down, if anything, and keep only the talented.

I ALSO find Julian lost in illogic when he asks, "Is too much expected of the journalism graduate?" Then replies: "Engineering schools aren't turning out engineers. They graduate only prospective engineers."

The truth is that engineers can come only from engineering schools, but newspapermen may be out of journalism schools, liberal arts colleges, or no college at all. Newspapermen are cut from a diversified pattern. Consider a few. Leonard Lyons went to a law school and Jimmy Cannon, who outrivets them all in the columnists' league, managed to corral only a year of high school. John Crosby is a Yale man and Winchell was a hooper.

So it is obvious that journalism schools don't provide the only avenue to newspapering, magazine work, public relations or any of journalism's offshoots. Obvious, too, that the "engineering school" comparison is strictly fungo hitting.

Well, what about journalism schools? How valid are they? How necessary? How much criticism is legitimate and how much is that of the uninformed and malicious?

I know this, that the journalism school I attended—Medill at Northwestern University—is rated at the top with Columbia and Missouri. And the most important thing I learned was the value of personal contacts since my copy editing instructor (Van Allen Bradley) later put me to work on the *Chicago Sun*. Without bitterness but not without a touch of



Donald A. Freeman, San Diego newspaperman, poses some questions as he looks back on journalism courses.

irony, I must add the paper folded within a year.

There is no doubt that the presence of first rate working newsmen on the journalism school faculty is invaluable. At Medill this made attendance rewarding where some academic lectures would be a squandering of time.

I took a course in sports writing under Francis J. Powers, then a sports columnist and reporter with the *Chicago Daily News*. The course—I'm sorry—was just this side of paradox. Class sessions were disappointing but the talk over coffee later with Powers brought out the real stuff.

From my experience at Medill I found the most engrossing and valuable courses were reporting, copy editing, press law and magazine survey, the latter mainly because of a stimulating professor's prodding of a lazy mind. (The professor, Roland E. Wolseley,* is now at Syracuse University.)

Worst of all was typography, which was divided into two sections. One consisted of learning type faces by rote. I long since have forgotten and couldn't care less whether it is Cheltenham or Bodoni that has the funny little serifs. Or is it Goudy? Or perhaps Tempo? If I really want to know, I'll ask a printer.

Then in a "lab" we were taught to set type by hand—a practice which

*Author of "Those Little Magazines," *The Quill*, May 1951.

[Turn to page 15]

Creative Newspapering Demands Imagination To Ask Extra Question

(Continued from page 5)

hunch the White House, at the height of the public ovation for General MacArthur, might want to "leak" something unfavorable to MacArthur. He went after the secret reports of the Truman-MacArthur meeting on Wake Island and got a big, exclusive story.

An alert reporter noticed a dribbling of small stories on the news wires about telephone companies in one state after another asking for rate increases. The reporter asked a question. The matter was put to the *Associated Press*—which did an excellent nationwide roundup showing that half a billion dollars had been added to telephone bills throughout the country since the end of World War II.

There was a big mid-western train wreck. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* wasn't satisfied with just reporting the spectacular story. It dug into every detail to find out why the wreck happened. Railroad officials finally had to admit it was the bad signal system. The faults were corrected.

The St. Louis *Star-Times* did a brilliant piece of investigative reporting with its Canadian gold stock series, and probably saved American investors millions of dollars.

A woman reporter on the Jacksonville (Fla.) *Journal* campaigned for three years for needed school improvements. Finally the money was voted. Then she noticed strange things seemed to be happening in the spending of the money. She spent weeks asking questions. She got a sensational series of stories that resulted in seven school officials and others being indicted.

Again, that "extra question."

ABOUT two years ago, we on the Miami *Herald* heard rumors that wealthy Cubans were investing millions of dollars in Greater Miami. We sent reporters to Cuba, and assigned others to dig into real estate records in Miami and corporation records in the state capital.

They discovered these facts: Jose Aleman, who had become minister of education under Cuba's president Ramon Grau San Martin, had also

become a multi-millionaire. Four years before, he had been a \$100-a-month clerk in the ministry of education.

Our reporters spent weeks asking those "extra questions." In the end, we traced more than \$20,000,000 worth of Aleman purchases in Florida—hotels, apartment buildings, islands, a baseball stadium and even the Miami team of the Florida-International baseball league.

* * * * *

The greatest danger to America lies in its citizens who have been lulled to sleep by the technological miracles about them. Our moral tone, ethical concepts and public indignation have been blunted so that we are no longer shocked by the worst situations in our country.

It is journalism's responsibility to stir the country from this state of apathy, to restore old-fashioned indignation toward many of the things about us.

LOUIS R. SELTZER

* * * * *

The story, which ran sixteen columns of documented facts, is still having repercussions in Cuba. Ex-president Grau has been indicted, his administration accused of making off with \$174,000,000.

The crime exposes are too well known to need repeating. But five years before the Kefauver Committee, the Miami *Herald*'s digging for the national crime story was a thankless and often fruitless job of asking questions, checking records, piecing together bits of information.

We began to hear of big-time hoodlums infiltrating the Miami area, buying hotels, night clubs and other businesses to gain a front of respectability.

They also began exerting great political power, controlling law enforcement officials. We systematically began collecting their criminal records from Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, New York, Minneapolis and

other cities. And we printed these records, with their prison mug shots; pictures of their palatial Miami and Miami Beach homes, yachts and other holdings.

It was a sort of "know-your-neighbor" service for the local citizens. The citizens didn't like it a bit, at first. We were "hurting the town with bad publicity." This attitude is now reversed. There is great public indignation against crime, and strong demands for a cleanup.

Newspapers all over Florida, and all over America, have done a truly remarkable job of reporting organized crime. It is easily the outstanding public service performed by the press of the country during the past year.

There are hundreds of examples every day of how creative, enterprising, imaginative reporting has produced good stories. But there are thousands of examples of how routine, surface reporting has covered the obvious and failed to answer the questions that people want answered.

One of the greatest fallacies of our profession is that something isn't news unless it is tied to a point in time.

Too many good stories are passed up because they aren't "spot news" in the old sense. So we leave them to the magazines and often the magazines do the job which should have been done by the newspapers.

* *

CREATIVE newspapering implies that a newspaperman must have the education and training to discover truth. And he must have the balance and judgment and skill to appraise it and tell it honestly and objectively. The old time legman who had no match in covering a fire is inadequate in many of the baffling news situations today. The specialist and special writer are needed more than ever.

The basic idea is now accepted everywhere: That writing, to be good, must be understandable to the person who reads it. Or better, that a story should be so written that it cannot be misunderstood.

Similar advances have been made in interpretive writing. There, again, it takes more than technical skill. We are trying to report and explain the most complex situations in history. It requires understanding and clear thinking.

Studies of readership have naturally led to studies of content—searching examinations of what goes into newspapers. What fields of interest are neglected? How much nonessential, uninteresting material gets into

the paper every day because we've been in that rut of routine for so long?

Newspapermen have been jolted into thinking of these problems by the most exciting news technique development of the year, television coverage of big spot stories like the Kefauver hearings and the MacArthur homecoming. Millions had a front-row seat at these events. The implications are enormous.

First, television and even radio are becoming more important as sources of news. Almost every week, important leaders make page one news with statements and interviews on meet-the-press television and radio programs. It is to the credit of newspapers that they are not ignoring this news as many of them ignored radio in its early days.

Television also presents a challenge to press photography. Just any picture of a televised event don't do. It has to be "the" picture for those who witnessed the event on their television receivers. The "headless witness" TV angle of the Costello appearance before the Kefauver Committee produced a top news picture of Costello's hands.

The red light in TV for newspapers is a warning against dullness. Let's accept it as a call for more creative development and reporting of the news.

I don't go along with those who think TV news is a menace to newspapers. A sell-out television show like the Kefauver or MacArthur stories won't happen often, and the evidence is that people read their newspapers even more avidly after seeing the event on television.

TV and newspapers are much less directly competitive in the news field than some alarmists—or enthusiasts—proclaim. They offer different services. One is fleeting, transitory. The other is a permanent record. One does an unparalleled job in a limited, planned news field. But TV will seldom be on hand when a bomb drops, a plane crashes, or a war starts.

★ ★

I AM not one who thinks there is too much criticism of newspapers. We hold other people and institutions up to searching, public scrutiny. We should be willing to have the same done with us.

I simply think there is not enough informed criticism. There is not enough intelligent analysis of our problems and shortcomings. There is not enough examination of the source and validity of the criticism itself, the great bulk of which comes from sincere, but frustrated, planners and social scientists who already have



Advertisement

From where I sit by Joe Marsh

A Tonic For The Missus

The missus came marching in with a new hat yesterday. She was as happy as a circus poster.

I've learned one thing about the hats she buys. A hat is a tonic to her. If she's feeling blue, nothing gives her a lift like a new hat. Now, I could trade in my old grey fedora without raising my blood pressure a notch. But I'll admit that more than once I've bought a new briar pipe I didn't need—just because life was getting a little bit monotonous.

With Buck Howell it's something else again. When Buck is feeling low, he gets over it by blowing on a broken-down clarinet he hasn't mastered in twenty years.

From where I sit, different people are *always* going to respond to different things in different ways. So let's keep a friendly understanding of what other folks get out of a new hat, an old clarinet, a chocolate soda or a temperate glass of sparkling beer or ale now and then.

Joe Marsh

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their minds made up about the press and its role in society.

We have done a poor job of explaining ourselves to the people. Our trouble is, of course, that most of us keep talking to each other. We blast back at critics in our journalistic periodicals and at conventions and in journalism schools. Occasionally, we hit back publicly at some false charge, then let it drop. Where we do speak to the people, we are often misunderstood, or they discount what we say as self-serving declarations.

We need to arouse the public to the importance of our traditional freedoms, the right to full access to public records. The right to gather news without restraint, and to publish it without prior censorship. The freedom from coercion by readers and pressure groups within society. The privilege of integrity in reporting. The high trust of objectivity in observing, interpreting and telling of events.

The right of every citizen to fight suppression and encroachments of his freedom to know; to fight public officials who claim the right to give or withhold information depending on whether they think it is "compatible with the welfare of society," as one high federal official claimed recently.

I believe, like Edward Gerald of the University of Minnesota, that much of this trouble started when "stormy gusts of political reform blew out of the depression of 1929." And that "the thinkers and planners who sought to direct and reform found themselves frustrated by attitudes strongly entrenched in the great society itself and turned to the press, as an engine of popular education, for help in changing the face and mind of the nation."

Gerald says, and I concur, that "when the press proved less lively than desired, and in some cases even recalcitrant and obstructionist, the planners turned their frustration and fury upon the press."

I might add that there was fear and misunderstanding on the other side, too. But it is a fact that this tirade against the press multiplied on a systematic, organized basis and from people not trained in journalism.

It came from Seldes and Ernst, from Icken and Roosevelt, from labor unions and educators and the Hutchins commission. Much of it was academic criticism from people having little understanding of what a newspaper is and what its functions are.

There is more sound, valid criticism around the seminar table of the American Press Institute, in the stud-

ies of the APME, and in the *Neiman Reports* than in all this uninformed yapping combined.

Increasingly, the critics blamed the social and economic ills of the country on "obstructionist newspapers." They hammered away with their propaganda that all these reforms would come quickly if the press would just fall in line.

Peron had the same idea. And when independent *La Prensa* didn't fall in line, he killed it.

I do not have a gloomy view of the prospects in this country. Just when the critics seem to be making headway, disclosures such as the RFC and nationwide crime scandals make people conscious again that a free press is needed to audit government and reveal the truth.

The horizons of creative newspapering are almost limitless.

Observations From Schizophrenia

(Continued from page 7)

fit. Those last two paragraphs are declared expendable.

The process by which my release got the way it did is as impersonal as that. But I had to be a party to the crime to know about it.

Still later there is a night mail delivery. Here I get another revelation. City editors, contrary to what I may have thought previously, are intensely human chaps and they like personal mail just as much as you or I. What do they get? A pile of handouts on elaborate letter-heads which, in themselves, could fill a newspaper.

Unfortunately, most of them are written with so little news value and local tie-in that they go into the waste-basket. My city editor showed me graphically how much postage is wasted on him alone by publicity outfit sending releases, photos, mats, and brochures which, though they arrived air mail special, go into the discard infinitely faster.

Working with newspapermen, I have learned to understand a quality in many of them inaccurately ascribed to cynicism. This is their disposition to be a bit suspicious of taking things at face, or better, release value. They have for so long a time been on the receiving end of all sorts of promotional schemes desiring space that they can't help reacting unfavorably to the copy so many of us publicists churn out.

PR men can go a long way toward cementing good press relations by ceasing to think that the newspaper is a medium for purveying the good news—and that solely—of their product, whether it be a college or a soap. I have come to learn that nothing angers an editor more quickly than a public relations man's attempting to hide an unfavorable report under a mass of verbiage or, worse, hanging out the no-comment sign.

I saw how foolish a Utica city official was made to look recently after he hung up the phone prematurely on a reporter who asked a simple question. "No comment" is almost never accepted as simply that. It leaves the silent official wide open for a low blow.

Recently editors of a group of newspapers were asked to criticize from their experience the educational news they've received through college public relations officers. Some of the charges went beyond the public relations men and might better be laid in the laps of the higher brass.

In this classification, such complaints as these: (1) failure to hire an experienced man or to make the public relations chores a fulltime job; (2) hamstringing of publicists by autocratic top officials or officious faculty; (3) neglect of pictures.

In large measure, however, the other gripes can be ironed out if the publicists and the editors get better acquainted. Many editors declared that colleges are apparently unable to recognize and supply anything but strictly routine news. In the months I've worked on the copy desk, I've never seen or heard of an editor turning down a good human interest story.

I have been as guilty as anybody else in submitting college organizational publicity written inadequately or of swamping my editors with items that could not have much interest to anyone except those whose names are included.

College people were accused by the editors of looking down their noses at newspapermen as semi-literate barbarians. I have never observed this stereotype, but I can understand a basis for believing it. The objective reporting of most newspapers often seems unforgivably flat to a man trained to indulge his opinions.

College faculty, too, are accustomed to the relative tidiness of textbook and classroom. I wish more of them could see as I am seeing the amazing skill which, from copy boy to executive editor, enables a newspaper to win its daily battle against time.

Some newspapermen too, I fear, have their stereotyped impression of

From Quill Readers

colleges. They believe the classroom is a barricade built by the college instructor against the rest of life.

Newsmen might well sit in on a lively class in which the very same issues with which they deal are discussed daily. Or college teachers could not help but gain new insight if they could listen to talk around the rim.

Editors pointed out that another unpalatable dish for them is the ignorance of publicity men on such details as release dates. They ask that we gain a working acquaintanceship with particular newspapers—learn their methods, personnel, edition times, circulation figures, and usage.

What editors are asking, in effect, is for the publicists to join them as co-workers in their job of bringing readable, accurate news to the public. They ask, however, that we learn the terms of the cooperative venture.

If editors assume that the best learning is the functional kind—learning by doing—they would also admit that a man learns the *modus operandi* of a paper best by participating in it. As one who has been given this opportunity, I could urge as many editors as can to hire publicists on short-term bases—to fill in for a vacation or illness depleted copy desk or reporter staff. The experiment will pay off. As an editor, you'll soon find yourself getting fewer outrageous demands and more lively copy.

J-School Revisited

[Continued from page 11]

would prepare us for no job I can think of, at least not in this century.

There are many courses now offered which have been added since my comparatively recent day, proving that Medill is not static. And I hold that critics should investigate these changes before bummapping all journalism schools.

Yet the expansion of a curriculum may stretch from here to absurdity because too many journalism courses mean less time on the basics of literature, history, economics, political science. I remember Medill's good, gray Dean Kenneth Olson saying the ideal journalism school would extend eight years. Which is as desirable as filling an inside straight, but almost as impossible.

Here, I would say, is the heart of the j-school matter. The schools should stay small, with high and impregnable standards, with a strong liberal arts program and fewer, more

Editor, The Quill:

You are on the right track making full speed ahead in the editorial inspired by James Julian's article ("The Journalism Graduate Is Doing All Right"—May, 1951). I like your "two sheepskins in every attic" and "in love with legend."

You are exactly right that there is a demand for more and more technical journalism courses and, what's more, there is pressure from staff members who want to expand the work in their specialties. I know a good many deans and directors are resisting this pressure.

We are both right or wrong, too, in thinking that the new study of mass communications, at least some of it, only indirectly concerns journalism and should not be the subject for a lot of courses. I admire your understanding of journalism education and hope that you will make some converts of some publishers who either can't or don't read.

A. Gayle Waldrop, Director
College of Journalism
University of Colorado.
Boulder, Colorado.

Editor, The Quill:

Your display of my article ("Mr. Etaoin S. Cmfwyg the Printer"—March, 1951) was excellent. I felt a little like a piece of bologna sandwiched between slices of French bread, what with finding Walter Lippmann, et al, in the same issue.

THE QUILL is promptly read by its subscribers, it seems, for I got letters and calls from persons I hadn't been in contact with for years, following publication of my article. . . . I must also commend you on your liberal attitude toward criticism of the press, which is evidenced in recent issues. If journalism is to progress, then the folks in journalism will have to be stimulated, and it seems to me that *THE QUILL* is an excellent medium for

vital courses. The basis for any form of journalism still is liberal arts, the ability to understand and express. Technical courses can only supplement.

Although I benefited from several good courses and encountered dullness and banality in some others, I have only one regret about attending Medill. And that is I never was able to study under the brilliant Dr. Curtis MacDougall, whose presence is the best argument for any journalism school.

both the pro's and con's—as long as both are reasonable and sincere.

By the way, I'm wondering if Mr. Etaoin S. Cmfwyg got hold of my article just for spite. My manuscript cited that "He was searching the files for new angles" might become "He was searching the flies for new angels." Good editing might have made "files" remain files—as flies are an indelicate subject—but I wondered if this was the case or whether the type slipped here. If it did, I think we got by with a miracle, for I was afraid that in this article, of all articles, three or four types would pop up to damn us.

Ralph Bugg

Birmingham, Alabama.

Editor's Note: Mr. Bugg's manuscript remained "flies" but somewhere along the line a compositor or a proofreader second-guessed the editors. In the same issue of THE QUILL, it was remarked, editorially: "Johannes Gutenberg's little invention was, in this respect (typographical errors), strictly the work of the devil." And proved it, promptly.

Editor, The Quill:

May I add my congratulations to the many others on the grand job that is being done with *The Quill*? I take it up to read each month with keen anticipation and it doesn't let me down.

Dudley B. Martin

Leonia, N. J.

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